Writing assignnment #1: Letter from Mom.

February 15th, 1942.

Dear Maria,

Hello, honey! How are you? How is your family? Are you doing well? A few days ago, we had a very extraordinary guest. His name is Joseph, he’s a prisoner. We helped him because he’s also a Polish.

Joseph had a wife and three children. His wife was a Swiss, her name is Margrit. Ruth, his eldest child, was nearly thirteen. Edek was eleven and Bronia, the little girl was only three. Joseph was a headmaster of a school. The Germans caught him and brought him to a prison on mountain. He had escaped once before but he failed. The Germans caught him and put him in a lonely room for moths. In a spring, he escaped by using a little catapult and shot the guard. He took the guard’s uniform and freed himself by wearing it.

After Joseph made the escape, he ran to an edge of a cliff, saw a truck with two strangers talking to each others. He hid in a box, unexpectedly; it was lifted up and moved to another mountain. When the box stopped, he looked up and saw a flash light, the man with the German’s appearance pretended that he had a gun and threatened your father. So he had to lead the German guard into our house. When I saw him coming in with a “gun”, I was really scared I couldn’t even scream, at that time, I thought we were done with our life. Then he pulled a chocolate bar from his pocket, smiling and shared with us.

Then, we wondered why Joseph looked like a German guard if he’s a Polish. He determined to tell us his tragic story. Because he is a Polish who was caught by those Nazi Germans, we decided to help him. We were happy to share our food, house to a Polish man. We furnished him food, drink, etc… At night, he slept on the couch we bought last year. Those days were dangerous and memorable. Unpredictably, those Nazi Germans were more rapidly than we thought, they found our house, and because they realized we are Polishes, so they searched our house. We were really fortunate, Joseph hid in the chimney at the moment he heard the Germans.

A few days later, when we recognized this place wasn’t safe anymore, so we made a decision of taking him far from our house. Your father has gone with him to make certain he’s still fine. I’m so worried about him. I also felt lonely and unsafe. Dinners are always joyful, and crowded of laughs, but now, I can’t eat blissfully, always wondering. Despite the fear, I’m also overconfident of your father. I don’t know what to do with my life if I lose him.

That’s all I have to tell you. Best wishes to you. Always love you, sweetheart.

Your mom,

*Jllinjsdff*